

Departure - Letters from Germanic Volunteers of the SS Division Wiking



With an opening quote by Heinrich Himmler



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“For too long, we have forgotten that we are Germanic peoples!”

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'H. Himmler', with a stylized, cursive script.

- **Heinrich Himmler**

“They came as free Germanic men, and are taking part in the fight as free Germanic men, because they understand why this fight is taking place.”

(From a letter by a Dutch volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

Enlistment in the Waffen-SS

(Letter from a Swiss volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“Dear Father!

You must have been very dismayed when Arnim told you that I had crossed the border into Germany; however, I have thought this decision through carefully and am certain that you understand me - after all, we spoke of it every evening—that Switzerland is almost the only country still shirking the duty of the European nations to join the fight against Bolshevism!

How could I stand aside when the Führer called for a united struggle against Germany’s enemies? We Swiss are, after all, German by blood, the same race as the Swabians and Carinthians. I also enlisted in the Waffen-SS immediately after crossing the border, was examined, and accepted.”

(Letter from a Norwegian volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“My plans to study fell through, because I couldn’t bear to watch others fight for me while I reaped the benefits of my brothers’ sacrifice.

I consider it my simplest duty to be present when the score is settled with Bolshevism; it is incomprehensible to me that there are still people today who stab Germany in the back in its struggle—a struggle that is saving civilization. Fortunately, they will never succeed in this, after all that I have seen down here.

They will never succeed in destroying Germany, and in any case, we have seen nothing of the ‘non-stop offensive’ that was promised by the English. Where is the British naval supremacy? It seems that the English do not control the North Sea, as they have so often claimed; merchant ships sail back and forth without interruption, and most of the ships are either German or controlled by Germany.

For obvious reasons, I cannot describe what we do here in the camp; however, what I can say is that the men feel very comfortable: there is plenty of entertainment, and the camp even has its own movie theater showing new films; on Sundays, our own propaganda group organizes social evenings.

Finally, I want to make an appeal to all the Norwegian boys who still have a shred of patriotism left: join the Norwegian Legion - it is not only a matter of honor, but a duty! Those who are going on vacation today to enjoy happy days while at the same time hoping for a Bolshevik victory are acting irresponsibly. Volunteer to fight against the Bolsheviks, for our future is at stake - I wish the ‘Jössinger’ (*‘Jössinger’ is a term coined by Quisling for those born in England*) had seen the Russians who are here in the prisoner-of-war camps; it would surely have made them think differently.”

(Letter from a Danish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“We are the sons of a people that has conquered the seas since the days of the Viking Age; we are the sons of a people that seeks once again to embody the Nordic spirit within itself, in order to fight for the place that is rightfully its own among the Nordic peoples.

It is one of the greatest sins of democracy that our youth has been taught virtually nothing about our Nordic past and culture - now we must journey to Germany to learn about our ancestors, their lives and deeds, and to discover how we can return to the ways of our own blood.”

Letter from a Dutch volunteer in the Waffen-SS (whose father was killed in action as a bridge guard during the German advance)

“On April 26th, 1941, I joined the Waffen-SS - but don’t think I’ve forgotten my father, for not a day goes by without me thinking of him, and I often look at his picture.

It is my conviction that he fell because of the financial powers, led by Jews who did not have the interests of the Dutch people at heart - thank God there are still other people in the world who are willing to risk their lives to address the social hardships and injustices of their peoples.

As hostile as I have been treated and insulted by everyone in Holland, even by my own family, I still feel love for my people, and I will not give up the fight until we are understood and until it is known that we are not fighting for our own advantage, but for our ‘higher’ ideals.

Several Dutchmen have already fallen on the Eastern Front, and I, too, will know how to die with my final thoughts on my father, my wife, my child, and above all on my people, with the firm conviction that victory will be ours for the salvation of all of Europe, and ultimately also for the enslaved English and American workers.”

(Letter from a Swedish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“I want to become an officer in the Nordland Regiment; I enlisted because I believe in your future and mine, and I know we will succeed - when the war is over, we’ll get married, if you’re willing to wait that long, but if you can’t, you must write to me.

As a German SS officer, I have far, far greater opportunities in life than I could ever have in Sweden, since there are so many Jews and other riffraff running amok there; it will likely be a tough school, but that doesn’t matter—as an idealist, one can achieve anything.

For now, I’ve only signed up until the end of the war, but if I make it, I’ll stay in Germany, and you’ll have to come to wonderful Germany as my wife - if I become an SS officer, it will be the happiest moment of my life.”

Training and Barracks

(Letter from a Flemish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“Two weeks of military service have already passed, and here among the Flemish and the Dutch, a tremendous change has taken place in this short time.

When we arrived full of enthusiasm and anticipation, none of us could have foreseen that the democratic man within us would soon be so thoroughly eradicated, even though we already felt like 100% National Socialists.

During this short period, we lived the life of a soldier. The soldier is the purest embodiment of the National Socialist; we certainly learned to grit our teeth, to snap to attention, and especially to recognize what it means to spend every hour and every minute with these comrades whom we had only known since yesterday, to share joys and sorrows with the same comrades, to safeguard our mutual interests, and above all to educate one another.

Our acquaintance with the German non-commissioned officer taught us to appreciate the soldier's life down to its smallest details - whereas most of us in the former Belgian army were firmly convinced that the best soldier was the one who could most skillfully evade his duties, these simple soldiers showed us, through their instruction and their own conduct, the necessity and proper execution of even the smallest order; what was impossible for us in the Belgian army, where a soldier's courage meant nothing more than fear of the given order, we learned here to carry out with joy and a willingness to make sacrifices.

We were taught how comradeship and the most complete fulfillment of duty not only forms the foundation of an army, but how they give the soldier's life a meaning and a value from which we can only derive joy.

Although we had already previously committed ourselves to the struggle for the resurrection of our national greatness, we have now learned to draw the ultimate consequences from this and to devote our lives completely to this commitment at every moment; we must cast off the petty habits and pleasures of the democratic man and suppress within ourselves the ‘inner demon’ that occasionally tries to play tricks on us. Through this, our faith in the future of our people has grown stronger—a future for which we are willing to forsake all worldly things, and which stands ever fresh before our souls; here, with the same spirit of sacrifice as the German soldier, we wish to seal the bond that unites Flanders with Germany in all times and forever, unalterably.

We wish to add our sacrifice to that of the German soldier who shattered Flanders' chains of despondency, and we wish to safeguard Flanders' new prospects for the future—with regard to its cultural, economic, and general national rebirth—through the establishment of the Greater Germanic Reich and the spread of the Reich idea in Western Europe, of which Flanders must be one of the most important pillars. To have the privilege of fighting for this idea—and thus for our freedom as nationally conscious Germans and soldiers—is an honor for which we intend to prove ourselves worthy, for we are well aware that this is an honor, given all the bloodshed that has already been shed on the battlefields of Europe to protect this glorious goal.

Now we experience the joy of being soldiers in the service of our people and as soldiers of the Führer - if we enlist for a sacred cause, let it not be this time to fight against the interests of our own people and

against our own blood, for after all, we fight because we have finally come to the conclusion that this is a matter of life and death for our people.

We want to live; we want our people to live with all their own values, because our blood cries out for life. We resist death, which threatens the life of our people - therefore, let our life be a struggle and our death a sacrifice.

Now we stand as Flemings in the very front ranks of these formations, which have set the liberation war for the Germanic peoples as their goal - just as Flanders has always sacrificed its blood as a shield for the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation, so now it is the Flemings who, in the reconstruction of the new Greater German Reich, have stepped forward as soldiers in the glorious formations of the Führer; with the same spirit of sacrifice, let us lay the cornerstone that will form the foundation of all cooperation. Furthermore, many of us will work as political soldiers for the same great task with the same tenacity and the same disciplined soldierly style as those comrades who will wear the gray military uniform in the armed forces.

We know that our struggle will not be in vain, and one day the enemies of Flanders will realize that a force has now been brought into being that can no longer be crushed, because Flanders has once again forged a bond with its Germanic core and its great past.”

(Letter from a Flemish volunteer in the Waffen-SS to his comrades in the Flemish SS)

“Dear SS comrades!

When your heart beats faster and your breath quickens, and your lips curl into a smile, it is a sign of ‘indescribable’ joy; such a feeling came over me when I received your letter, and even more so when I saw two new faces from Tienen (*Tienen, a small town near Leuven*) in our SS barracks last Saturday: R. and P. have, by a happy coincidence, ended up with me in the 6th Company. Three from Tienen, together in happiness and joy; hail to the tempest of Tienen, small but brave! I thank you for the SS newspaper and for the photographs; Comrade E. has hung them above his bed and the pictures have taken a place of pride in our room.

As I have already written to you, it is a hard life—through sports and gymnastics, through instruction and regular duty—through which we are being shaped here into what we must one day be: the pillars upon which the new Flanders is to rest.

If I ever reach the level of even the least among them, then I can be proud and happy—for myself and for those whom I will later have to guide as a role model. Life is a series of small things: by fulfilling them dutifully, a man becomes great! This is the foundation of the positive education we enjoy here, by growing great through solving the small things in a grand way, and through brotherhood and camaraderie - ‘One for all, all for one.’

Yesterday and today we took a trip into the surrounding area - what beauty! A noble people dwells here. Do you still remember how the NSKK¹ man said at your home that every German feels like a lord? Now I can understand that, because I observe and see it every day; that is why the entire German people stands united and passionately grateful behind the one who created all this: Adolf Hitler - the fact that he allows

¹ National Socialist Motor Corps - The Translator

us Flemings to learn this here and take it to heart, so that we may later implement and build it in Flanders, must fill us with love and gratitude toward him.

With pride and gratitude in our hearts, we ask the Führer of all Germanic peoples to accept us into the great Reich and lead us into a happy and blessed future for all Germanic peoples!”

(Letter from a Norwegian mother to her son in the Waffen-SS)

“I am glad that you are receiving such excellent training, which will make you a real man.

I fear nothing, dear Felix - millions are under the banners, and a benevolent Providence will keep you alive when life and the world need you; if not, my beloved boy, then you will have done your duty as soldiers, risked your lives for a great cause that you both are passionate about, and that will have been the meaning of your time on earth.

Life is short for every person, even if they grow old; we all walk the same path, and whether sooner or later, it remains the same. The time or the moment does not matter - the main thing is that one has lived decently.”

(Letter from a Norwegian volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“You can believe me, we have some great barracks here - everything is very modern, and we’re doing as well as we could possibly hope for. And such discipline! This is just right for me! I feel very comfortable. The first ones who arrived here about five weeks ago have since become the truest ‘Prussians’; you wouldn’t believe your eyes if you saw them, especially when you think of our recruits back home and then look at these SS recruits; you wouldn’t even believe that they’re fellow countrymen - it turns out you can turn us Norwegians into such well-disciplined people if you just handle us hard enough, that’s what I’ve always emphasized. Life here is really hard! But I like it and I’m thriving here; if only we’d had it like this back home!

Indeed, we who came here to the SS as volunteers certainly lost nothing in the process; you can tell that to those ‘back home’ - on the contrary! Here you get together with men, you can develop yourself, and you can acquire experience and knowledge that you can always use, no matter where life takes you.”

(Letter from a Norwegian volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“As for me, I now know that I am better suited to wielding a weapon of steel than a spiritual one.

It is possible that we will not return home before we are deployed, but I have already come to terms with the fact that it will begin soon.

I have a Führer in common with the Germans; the Führer of all the Germanic peoples rules over me. I have received my training, and I am willing to fight to the last drop of blood - yes, I am very happy and sometimes cannot believe that this is reality: I am here as a soldier, a non-commissioned officer in a unit, and am to be deployed with German comrades.

Together we must liberate our country from the financial powers, the Jews, and Bolshevism; I know it may cost me my life; but our struggle is worth this sacrifice.”

(Letter from a Dutch volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“I’m doing quite well; it just bothers me that it’s taking so long for us to be deployed, not for at least another month or two; you see once again that one should never form an opinion too soon, because the two weeks of training you had planned for us instead might turn into five or six months - just imagine that the men I’m with here have already been serving for seven months.

No, a man like Hitler doesn’t use people as cannon fodder, because he knows all too well what war is; he is both father and mother to everyone who wears the German uniform. It’s strange that, even though I am and will remain Dutch at heart, I still revere him as my supreme leader - first and foremost, not as a German leader, but as a Germanic Führer.

I don’t understand why people back home in Holland refuse to see what an incredible job this man has done; he has brought together a nation of millions that was divided, and now he is striving to open the eyes of all of Europe and show it what a monstrous alliance has emerged in the world over time - I would say that he now has sufficient evidence in his hands, and yet many people still refuse to acknowledge him.”

(Letter from a Flemish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“Dear Rik!

I received your letter; I heard that you’re interested in joining the Waffen-SS and that you want some information. Here it is: if you intend to join, you must do so without needing any special information. When I came here, I didn’t know anything about the service either; I only had my ideal, and serving it was my only concern - anyone who thinks differently is in the wrong place here. If you join, after a probationary period you must take the oath of allegiance to the Führer; by doing so, you commit yourself for your entire life: loyalty and obedience to the Führer and his ideology.

The service itself is not difficult, though of course there is iron discipline; the superiors are good comrades and, above all, excellent examples of a soldier’s duty.

In the meantime, my comrade, do not brood. A soldier acts - we Flemings from the Northwest Regiment await you.”

(Letter from a Swedish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“It may not be particularly pleasant to ‘lie down’—that is, to take cover in snow several feet deep—but you have to close your eyes and fight your way through.

‘Duty is duty and schnapps is schnapps’ is an excellent saying that is often used here; ‘War is war and peace is peace’ is what I would say, for now is the time for nothing else but to prove our race—that is, its superiority: to prove that it is we who have the right to exist, to life, and, through our vitality, to rule!

Once the third Asian invasion has been repelled and England has been subdued—once the common good takes precedence over self-interest there as well, and once it marches forward with open eyes in the new European order—then I can rest and recover; then I will see you again one day without longing, without pain, without war and struggle - filled with sunshine, happiness, freedom, peace, and true culture, I will return then.

Should it come to pass that I must fall at the age of twenty for the freedom of Europe and Sweden, I will still have fulfilled my duty and carried out my manly task.”

(Letter from a Flemish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“Congratulations on your engagement - now, however, it is doubly time to join the Waffen-SS, first as a Fleming, and second, because you must now defend your bride.

Prove that you don't have milk in your veins, but real, hot blood - fight for your people! Surely you consider yourself better than those cowardly leeches and homebodies who are now trying to feed off our glory - but they will not succeed.

Just think, my friend, about what is happening in the world right now, and be proud that you are allowed to serve in this magnificent elite corps of the glorious German Army - fulfill your duty as a German and a Flemish man and come here.”

(Letter from a Norwegian volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“These three months have been a significant and eventful time.

During these three months, I have transformed myself into a soldier—the kind of soldier the Germans want; I have learned to conduct myself as a soldier should and have truly settled into military life.

At first, it was difficult to get used to all the new things, but now everything feels familiar to me - for example, it was undoubtedly strange to get up at 6 a.m. and wash myself in cold water with my upper body bare, but now I can't imagine starting my day any other way; it's healthy and toughening at the same time, just like military life in general. That's probably also the reason why I feel fresher here than I ever have in my life; you have to get in shape with four to five hours of drill every day and additional physical training. There's also something else I've learned during these months: to be conscientious and clean, and to rely on myself.

This place has also been a sort of housekeeping school, and you have to do everything yourself: making the bed in the morning, washing your own clothes, polishing your boots (I've had plenty of practice with the latter). I've also gained considerable knowledge in geography and German—after all, I've been to almost all of Germany's major cities, though I didn't walk around everywhere of course, but by train.

Believe it or not, I haven't seen a single trace of bombs - here, where we are now, there hasn't even been an air raid alarm yet.”

Eastern Front

(Letter from a Dutch volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“In reality, the Russians look ten times more terrifying than they do in the pictures in the newspapers: they are simply no longer human. If one of us tosses away a cigarette butt, ten of these swine immediately pounce on it; what they wear on their bodies are nothing but rags; they are as filthy as they are lazy, yet they wanted to bring ‘civilization’ to us - this is what the truly humane Dutch had pinned their hopes on. These are the allies of ‘our highly civilized Queen and her entourage’—that filthy murderous clique that was supposed to liberate our beloved Holland from German rule, together with the Jewish hordes from England and the Freemasons and plutocrats from the U.S.A.

If you were to stay here for a week, you would all become National Socialists; here, one learns what nonsensical ideas have actually been drummed into our sober-minded population. But one thing is certain: when we return, that will be the end of it! Only young men with high ideals and great courage come here, trusting their leaders and ready to make any sacrifice; what returns is steel-hard, thoroughly strong National Socialist soldiers; that is the salvation of our ‘German Land’, and the only real threat to the traitors of the nation.

Think about it! There is no middle ground between waiting and commitment - with us or against us is the motto! I did not write this for nothing.”

(Letter from a Finnish volunteer in the Waffen-SS to his mother)

“I am writing to you now from a place so far away that it almost feels childish to think of home. I have once again seen vast stretches of unfamiliar terrain and those landscapes where today’s great war has reached its full scale. It is only natural that one can never forget all this; these impressions remain firmly etched in the mind, almost with the same sharpness as if they were imprinted on film.

You can hardly imagine what the famous granary of Europe—and especially ‘the land of black humus’—is really like; I remember how Grandfather Uskali argued about it with old Kandell, and how the argument then ended in a brawl.

I also still remember which of the two held the land of black humus in higher esteem than all other regions, and as far as the vegetation is concerned, he was certainly right - mile after mile, the endless, boundless field stretches to the horizon, where there are neither hedges nor fences, but only fertile, thick humus without end.

The misery in which these people here have lived can hardly be described in words; I will only say that even the poorest people in our country live comfortably when compared to those here.

I do not wish to provoke a dispute, but having witnessed this poverty on our march, I have become even more convinced than before that we Finns must face the sober reality - we must prepare to fight international socialism and communism; we must be firm and sensible, and our working classes have distinguished themselves so well in both struggles that they truly need greater and higher ideals than they have had until now.

Above all, we must be united - we can only achieve this through genuine patriotism.

In the midst of this landscape, so many thoughts and feelings come to mind that one cannot fully describe them, but I believe that you understand me even so - on the day of our declaration of independence, I crossed the Russian border.

Of course, something new happens every day that, for the time being, can really only be jotted down in a war diary, although as a war correspondent I try to send reports from here to our beloved homeland as best I can.

These days we are approaching the actual fighting - I do not want to burden you now with trivial, unnecessary outbursts of emotion, much less with a will; as the mother of five soldiers, you already know from experience what war is all about.

If God, in whom we believe, has so decreed that a man must fight in this war, then he dies the most beautiful death I know; then he falls for you and the immortal Fatherland - that is why I want only to assure you that I am infinitely happy to finally be here and to witness it all, where one finds masculine honor in these times.

Our relationship, dear Mother, is without a doubt so clear and good that there is nothing to change about it.”

(Letter from a Flemish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“Dear parents, dear brother!

In my last letter, I already told you that we were leaving for the Russian front; yes, we have been here for about two weeks now, in this wretched land of the Bolsheviks - let no one back home speak of communism anymore, for I have seen with my own eyes what the workers’ ‘Soviet paradise’ looks like here!

Everything here is downright repulsive; my only wish is to return home from the battle safe and sound, not for myself—for I would not attach such importance to my own little person—but so that I may finally carry out the great cleansing back home in Flanders.

Although the climate here is almost unbearable, and living conditions here remain anything but comfortable for us, we will hold out to the last man if necessary, for here among us there is the closest possible harmony and camaraderie between officers and men.

Morale is excellent, and we have superb equipment and the most magnificent organization, for which we in turn owe thanks to our Führer; as for me personally, I am still enjoying excellent health - I am ready to fight to the utmost and give everything I have for our Führer, our struggle, our people, and Flanders.

Dear parents, have confidence; for the life and death of our entire people is at stake; I know very well what is required, so have confidence! Should it nevertheless come to pass that I fall, be proud that you, too, may contribute your share to the titanic struggle of our Führer, Adolf Hitler.”

(Letter from a Liechtenstein volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“My time as a recruit is now long past, and my dearest wish has finally come true: I am permitted to fight as a soldier of the Greater German Reich against Bolshevism.

I need not write in detail about what I have seen and experienced here; you will learn of that from the proper channels—our SS press officers will see to that. But there is one thing I must tell you: I certainly

did not expect much in this country with its reign of terror, but what I have experienced and seen here surpasses all imagination; had I heard of it only by hearsay, I would not have believed it myself. I have often quietly wished that the opponents of National Socialism in my homeland of Liechtenstein could witness this immense misery, that they could look upon our prisoners—members of the so-called Red Army—then they might form an idea of what things would have looked like here if these world revolutionaries had brought their culture to the West - I believe that if everyone had known this, Germany would have had no opponents; then they would realize that the German soldier is fighting in this gigantic struggle not only for the freedom of the Germanic nation, but for the culture of all decent peoples on this earth.

There are many hardships to endure here; I lack many things that I previously had in abundance, but nevertheless I have not for a single minute regretted becoming a soldier; I am proud to be able to prove my convictions not through political struggle as before, but as a German soldier through action. I know that I will receive from the Führer the highest reward there is for me: when he brings my homeland, which I love above all else, back into the community of all Germanic peoples. Now I conclude and greet you with the German salute: Heil Hitler!”

(Letter from a Finnish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“...In a few days, we will be able to test our strength against the Russians for the first time.

Our division commander visited us here and greeted nearly every man with a handshake; we were completely taken by surprise by the general’s visit, and our superiors were no less so. He didn’t make a spectacle of the rifles, but simply made a friendly acquaintance with the battalion.

We got a very good impression of this man, and he won the men over; every man said, ‘With this leader, we’ll follow him anywhere; he’s an impeccable fellow who has sympathy for us Finns.’

Here behind the front lines, the factories are back in operation; coal and iron are once again being extracted from the depths of the earth, Ukraine is producing bread again, and trains can travel directly from Germany to the front, for the tracks have been laid at an incredibly rapid pace - but all this is only the beginning, for the new Europe is growing, and no one can stop it. When spring comes, the machines will roll again; they must roll, for there must be no closed gate behind the front.

Finland is going through a difficult time now, but whoever wants to gain much must sacrifice everything; the Finnish people are making great sacrifices now, but only when they become even greater will they truly be great.

After the war, Finland will become strong and great, but only if the Finnish people remain firm against themselves and against others; all difficulties can be overcome if only one must only consider how.

All of Europe is taking on a new face, and our generation will create this new Europe. In this struggle, the individual means nothing; we must demand much of him so that our people can live happily in the future. We are living in a great era, and it is a great honor for us to be able to help fulfill this great task. I am doing quite well; I am glad that we will soon be able to show in the southern sector how Finns fight...”

(Letter from a Dutch volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“Before the war with Russia began, there were several former Dutch and Flemish communists in my company, all of whom had left the party during the great upheaval of 1931.

June 22nd² was not a pleasant day for us - but when our commander said: ‘Wait and see, you’ll soon get to know paradise!’, and when the order came for twenty-eight men, ‘Get ready, departure in 2 hours,’ came, our expectations were very high, as you can imagine.

On our journey, when we were about this far into Russia, we noticed that the large stables and barns were well-built and well-maintained; however, when you saw the dilapidated and crumbling farmhouses, the difference was unmistakable; the people were poorly dressed and there were no schools.

We, the eight former Dutch and Flemish communists, breathed a sigh of relief - here we immediately saw the great spectacle of Jewish-capitalist exploitation, more sophisticated than we had ever known in our ‘super-capitalist’ society: those banal, so-called monumental gates and billboards made of plywood! The further we went into the Russian countryside—I was about 1,000 km inland—the more the misery of this people struck me - Baranovichi, Minsk, Smolensk. The newsreels and illustrated newspapers show a great deal, but one must have been there oneself to see what the Jew has managed to accomplish here as well - how this people has been enslaved and bled dry!

We passed many forced-labor camps where only workers and small farmers were imprisoned by the thousands, but not a single Jew.

Through our interpreters, and also with gestures, we conversed with the peasant population; sixty percent were delighted to have been freed from this system, especially because they also saw how they were taken under the protection of these ‘German barbarians’ and, where necessary, were helped by them.

Germany is heading toward a wonderful future; just look at what has happened in Poland alone: the roads, railways—everything was previously in a state similar to ours fifty years ago. If the soil is good and cultivated according to scientific principles, Poland possesses an immense wealth of agricultural products.”

Letter from a Norwegian volunteer in the Waffen-SS

“When I finally return home, the two of us will reflect deeply on what discipline and National Socialism truly mean - our division has endured fierce battles and suffered the loss of magnificent young men, but victory follows in our wake, and Soviet Russia is heading toward ruin.

The Norwegians have made their sacrifices, and their blood that has been shed alongside that of the Germans, Dutch, Finns, and Danes has laid the foundation for a Greater Germanic living space: blood shed together creates a bond. I am proud to be able to participate.

What we have experienced here! The churches have become dance halls and the like; the people are destitute and haggard; no one has anything, nor owns anything, and families are scattered - it is hell, in short. That is why it is also full of Jews here; most are gone, but it reeks of them, and we often find them hiding.

The plague of the world, Judaism, is now almost gone from Europe; I will never forget the Lublin ghetto or the mysteriously mutilated corpses they left behind in Zlotzow and Lemberg.

² June 22nd, 1941 was the start of Operation Barbarossa. - The Translator

The methods these 'chosen ones of God' used to take the lives of poor, defenseless Ukrainians are appalling to me; it is impossible for me to find words for such wretchedness.

Now it will all soon be over, and I wish to return home and rest - I have had enough for a long life. One thing must happen in Norway: the people must commit themselves to National Socialism. I have seen Norway, Germany, and Russia, but I say this: if I could give up my life ten times over, I would do so ten times for National Socialism."

(Letter from a Danish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

"There is a saying: 'In a hundred years, everything will be forgotten' - yet here in Russia, we have seen proof that this is not true.

We have been to villages where Germans settled 200 to 250 years ago, yet despite all the oppression, they have preserved their German language, customs, and traditions; these people have never seen Germany, but their fathers were German. I even heard a small child calling for his mother in German; my astonishment knew no bounds.

Because I had joined the SS before June 22nd, 1941, I was fortunate enough to be sent to this 'workers' paradise'; the word 'paradise' is the most deceitful term one could possibly use for Russia, for as rich as the country is in everything, so poor is its population.

Anyone who hasn't seen it for themselves can hardly believe it—everywhere you look, there is hardship, misery, and filth; the fact that this people cannot even eat their fill, even though there is enough of everything, is 'thanks' solely to the Jews.

The population has been lied to and deceived by the Jews in an unheard-of manner; they have incited the people and turned them into beasts - you back home cannot thank the Führer enough for seeing through these scoundrels in time; you should see these hordes, these faces - these people are being protected by England and America through their churches, but they want to condemn us because our Führer saw through all this fraud and enlightened the world about it."

(Letter from a Flemish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

"After several days of intense combat, we finally have a few hours of rest; we can still hear rifle and artillery fire from various directions, and only now do we feel the biting cold and the Russian solitude, which weighs heavily upon us and fills us with such melancholy.

Our thoughts involuntarily drift back to our homeland, home to our wives and families; we relive the happy hours we spent together, but also the hours of struggle and restlessness in this life - not a word is spoken, and everyone is with their loved ones, who are so far away, living every hour with them and enveloping them in a glimmer of love and happiness.

Love and happiness? My God, what would have become of them if the Russian bear had transplanted its 'Bolshevik paradise' to the West as well?

We think of the Russian people, wrapped in rags, dull and animal-like, dragging out the days of their lives begging in poverty and misery, living in dwellings that would be unimaginable here, full of filth and stench that clings to their clothes; a population that, having been trained for years in blind hatred, would

drag everything in its misery into a realm of the damned, from which there is no escape, no return - no, we must not and will not become such a people.

Open and honest, tempered by iron discipline, the future in the Greater Germanic Reich will create a happy Flanders - for this we stand and give our blood. Flanders is rising again!”

(Letter from a Swiss volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“Our field post service is probably very busy, but perhaps Switzerland also needed evidence to be able to exert pressure on those they have now arrested again in Basel - they won’t succeed in that, though. Let them just keep persecuting us Nazis; the time is coming, and we will turn the tables on them.

Why are you afraid? Has your Jewish-controlled press spread rumors again? You may not understand us, but we weren’t informed by radio and newspapers, but by our comrades who were at the front themselves. You have no idea—your hair would stand on end if you heard what happened to the Russian people, what kind of paradise they’re living in there. Look at those fine, distinctive faces, which you might even see in your own newspapers - such subhumans, who can neither read nor write, are supposed to bring us—of all people—the paradise of the world, peace.

Take a pinch of this, and I hope that all of you who still doubt will be healed. We really have no need to tell horror stories - believe it, or do you doubt your own child?

Europe is being cleansed, whether it wants to or not; no consideration will be given to individual parasites.”

(Letter from a Flemish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“We soldiers of our beloved Flanders thank our Führer Adolf Hitler for his clear vision - here one can see and be convinced of how uncivilized hordes of people sought to overwhelm the Western world.

What would have become of our wives and children! You should see the troops from the workers’ paradise—beast-like faces and figures from which stupidity and cruelty grin at you; the sight makes one shudder when one thinks of the fate that would have been ours. Here a line is drawn: together with our brave German brothers-in-arms, this monstrosity will be rendered harmless.

Our training was hard and strict; that was necessary. Our superiors are soldiers and exact in everything, but also good comrades and advisors. We live here side by side in brotherhood: Flemings, Dutch, Danes, and Germans. We all have the same goal, and there is no difference in how we are treated; in camaraderie, we share everything, whether in battle, on duty, or in joy.

For months on end, day after day, we knew nothing but drills and training; we received a thorough education so that we could contribute one hundred percent to destroying the great enemy of the world.

The German Army High Command has learned—and will continue to learn—how fiercely the Flemish fight when they truly have an ideal before their eyes and know for what and why they must make sacrifices.

Many of us had been waiting a long time to get to the front; we were already impatient. ‘My best boys,’ our company commander said, ‘first learn the methods of combat so as not to fall in vain!’ - I am writing this to you to prove that we are not regarded as cannon fodder.”

Recognizing One's Inner Enemies

(Letter from a Dutch volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“I’d really like to take a look around Papendrecht (*Papendrecht, a small town near Utrecht*), comrade—Papendrecht, where ninety percent of the people are Christians who faithfully attend church. I’d like to see them if the Russians were as far west as we are in the east - then, comrade, there would be no more opportunity to go to church, for then the church would be a shop or a theater; you would then see soldiers moving into Holland in dirty, ragged clothing unworthy of the title of ‘uniform’; everything our culture has created would be destroyed; they would not leave women and girls alone, they would be the victims of their animalistic lust.

Comrade, these are more or less England’s friends - nice company, isn’t it! This is not German propaganda, no, this is the truth.

Comrade, how foolish the majority of our people are to rail against the German Wehrmacht; what would it be like if Germany did not protect us like a child against the red rabble? We must not think of that, comrade!”

(Letter from a Dutch father to his son in the Waffen-SS)

“We hope that the fighting will soon be over, and we know that Adolf Hitler and his brave army will be victorious. Then the haggling will be over—I mean, the haggling with the workers.

Your father has worked for thirty-six years and has experienced much injustice as a worker; as an honest worker, he defied all that capitalist injustice, knowing that justice would one day prevail.

Because I understand God and His creation, I am the father of 12 children, of whom you, my Franz, as my eldest son, have decided to fight under oath for Adolf Hitler, with all your skill and bravery, and to die with honor until the injustice I speak of has been wiped out - I am proud of you, my boy, and would so much like to stand by your side to help you drive the eternal devil back to hell.

This Jewish gang wants to exterminate Germany, that great, virtuous, cultured people, among whom, God willing, I and my children may one day rest in peace forever - but first and foremost, you, my son, because you wear the coat of this people, must stand up against the Jewish swindle and the corrupters of culture.

Therefore, be faithful, my son: God does not forsake His own.”

(Letter from a Dutch volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“It’s strange, really, that there are so few young men here in our villages who are willing to fight for an ideal; they’re all focused only on their own petty interests—a cigarette, the movies, and a girl. Once they get a little older, they start looking for one position or another, but otherwise, they’re quite passive—no NSB, no WA, no SS. (*NSB = National Socialist Movement [Nationaal Socialistische Beweging]; WA = Defense Unit [Weerafdeling], SS = Germanic SS Netherlands.*)

It could cost them their lives someday; just imagine if the English were to come... and the German boys are fighting for such weaklings.

Such is a large part of our still fairly racially pure people - I find it hard to get over the fact that German boys are dying and German mothers have to suffer, while we lead a good and happy life; fortunately, there are still boys who want to save the Dutch's national honor in the Waffen-SS."

(Letter from a Swedish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

"It was disheartening to read in the press that the youth organization of the Swedish ruling party sent a telegram to Moscow in October, in which the senders declared that they were ready, at any time, to take up arms and fight for the Soviet Union against bleeding Finland and against the Germanic army of the Greater German Reich - the telegram ended: long live the Soviet Union, long live the Red Army, long live the Red Navy; meanwhile, I hid the newspaper in shame.

An officer of the Waffen-SS, a Sturmbannführer who had often spoken out in support of Sweden, came to me about an hour later with the newspaper in his hand: 'Have you read it?' he asked me in a sad tone. I nodded my head, blushing. 'God protect your country,' he said.

God protect Sweden, I think to myself, even though I know it stands with England - nevertheless, my love has grown stronger day by day, and I implore God that the day may come when I can proudly declare here: 'I am Swedish!'"

(Letter from a Dutch volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

"Today is All Souls' Day; it is always a special day, and today is no exception.

Outside, it is snowing incessantly, and the flakes are piling up higher and higher; it is becoming a wonderful expanse. This white blanket covers countless heroes who gave—and continue to give—themselves for the Fatherland, and indeed, for all of Europe!

This day fills us with melancholy - not because so many of our brothers fell, for we bear this grief with pride, but it makes us wistful that there are people in our own country who do not respect or count these countless sacrifices, which are also made for 'them,' since they are entangled in their boundless selfishness and lost in their rigid self-righteousness; it fills us with melancholy because they do not want to hear or see.

They do not march in our ranks, but—where will they stand tomorrow, when the battle is over, when we have achieved what our descendants will be proud of; will they not have to feel ashamed for the rest of their lives, and regret it, and feel betrayed?"

(Letter from a Swedish volunteer in the Waffen-SS on Christmas 1941)

"I had forgotten that there is so much that is base and depraved back home, such as the speech by a 'Swedish statesman' that I read - among other things, he said:

'Every sound national policy is selfish; the course we are following, supported by all groups in society, is cold-bloodedly selfish.'

When I read this, my thoughts turned to a German comrade, a forty-five year-old non-commissioned officer named Otto Heine, who fell in battle. I knew him only a little; I knew only that he was a teacher by

profession, an academic. We had spoken once; it was when I offered him my condolences in early November, for he had just received the news that his son had fallen in Finland.

‘Up there in the north,’ he said bitterly, ‘isn’t that where you Swedes are actually supposed to be?’ You can imagine how one feels when faced with such a question - have you ever turned bright red because you had to be ashamed of your country?! It felt to me as if we had murdered his son; if we had had even a drop of a sense of responsibility and decency, not a single German soldier would have had to be stationed in Finland.

I also read the son’s obituary - it simply read: ‘He died for culture.’ He was certainly no ‘cold-blooded egoist’! You can’t be that if you stand on the line Adolf Hitler has drawn; perhaps then you won’t be supported by all groups in Swedish society, but you will be supported by all decent people across an entire continent.

I have a request for you, a gift I would like for my twentieth birthday: I would ask you to observe a minute of silence on this day in memory of the gray heroes who, in the Siberian cold, from Petsamo to Sevastopol, thousands of kilometers from their homeland, are fighting for you as well, you, who can celebrate Christmas in peace; I ask you further, if you hear these heroes, their country, and their Führer being mocked there, that you then stand up and speak your mind, even if it is to your relatives and closest friends, for the people who are casting mud at Germany today are worse than traitors; they are committing an outrage against an idea that inspires an entire continent, against the culture of Europe that has been created over the course of millennia, and which Adolf Hitler’s heroes are defending with weapons in hand against the barbarians in the East.

Tonight, millions of hearts are praying for the victory of culture and light over barbarism and the forces of darkness—I know that your hearts are among them.”

(Letter from a Swiss volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“I would like to share a few timely thoughts with you once again; I do not wish to speak of trivial everyday matters that are meaningless in these momentous times, but rather, I would like to tell you something that, as Swiss neutrals, you cannot be made to understand enough.

I am, after all, not the only Swiss man who has voluntarily left his homeland to fight for a new and greater future for our people in a Greater Germanic Reich; we Swiss volunteers, however, still stand alone in our belief as a minority of men. No people stand behind us, for they do not understand what we are fighting for: when we march, we march alone, and when our feet burn from long marches, we must bear it alone. If you back home knew of this, you would only sneer maliciously; if we are wounded, many of our people say it is your own fault; if we fall, they ask why you did not stay at home - far too many among our people think only of the good life, but they want nothing to do with struggle and sacrifice; while we fight here, you complain about the war, about hard times, and so on, and you simply refuse to admit that what is at stake here is your happiness, your possessions, your life, and your honor.

While many at home take the easy way out, in their indecisive, selfish neutrality, we have at least recognized what is at stake.

And we do not stand alone in battle - leading the way as a shining example are the German soldiers, and standing by their side in the great struggle for the very existence of our Germanic people are

comrades-in-arms from Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium; only you slackers at home fail to grasp what is at stake.

How much longer do you intend to play the neutral? The great deeds of our ancestors do not absolve us from the duty to serve the future; a people proves itself worthy of a happy future in Europe only if it is prepared to seal its contribution with the sacrifice of blood.

It is not only about ourselves, but about the future of our children and our children's children - do you want to leave our racial brothers alone to face the Bolshevik hordes and the Anglo-American Jews? You still have the opportunity to do your duty; do not let it pass unnoticed, for it would mean the death of our people.

A cowardly people has no right to exist; I await the day when a great army of Swiss volunteers actively takes part in the great struggle. Come to your senses!"

(Letter from a Norwegian volunteer to his girlfriend)

"From what you write in your letter, one gets the impression that, back home, public opinion in old Norway is mostly against us; we have to be fully aware of that. But the lads who come home after one, two, or four years will be tough guys—guys who aren't afraid to face resistance from soft mama's boys and silly women.

By then, I'll have finished my basic training and will be an SS man; once I've served four years, we can get engaged and then marry after two or three years. We'll surely have a wonderful life together, the two of us; we'll have lots of children since, as an SS man, I have a duty to have many children - but that will only be wonderful."

(Letter from a Dutch volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

"At a time when Germany was already teetering on the brink of disaster, a man stood up—uncompromising, searching for his path, facing a daunting task, yet fully aware of the latent strength slumbering within the German people.

This man sought to cast aside the accepted peace treaties in order to secure a better future for his people; he was well aware that it had not been the will of any German that these treaties be accepted, but that the revolutionary government had signed its own 'death warrant.'

This lone man, through his faith in himself, achieved his lofty goal; he restored the German people's faith, strength and rights, and has forged them into a mighty unity. But the more he achieved, the greater the resistance of the rest of the world against him became, for there can be no question of cooperation.

Instead of taking an interest in this work of reconstruction, you have shown neither compassion nor empathy for this hard-hit country; you have instead been swept along by the cunning Jewish-English propaganda. Instead of respecting Adolf Hitler's tremendous achievements, you have joined in the mockery and laughter and cried out, 'Crucify him': you have asked God to deliver the world from this man, because you were deceived into believing that he is a heathen, a beast, or the Antichrist - you believed all of this without realizing how cleverly you were all being duped by this propaganda of lies. I know that there are still many thousands of Dutch people who acted in good faith, but they are all victims of unscrupulous agitators who spared neither the priest's robe nor the Church in their efforts to mislead the people.

I tell you, there is still time to proclaim the truth, yet people prefer to shroud themselves in silence and howl along with world communism rather than stand up for what is right. They prefer to whisper and sabotage rather than help the people - what a responsibility now rests upon the shepherds of souls. Now they are neglecting their duty by voicing all sorts of suspicions and acting very mysteriously, yet the day will come when our people will find their way back, even if so many lies are being told and so much is being done against them now; then they will gladly want to cooperate, but by then it will no longer be a feat, for by then it will no longer require any special courage. They will then want the same full rights - I ask you, by what actions have these people done to earn these same rights? They have used their talents for a just cause, but one day these people, too, will have to answer for themselves.

Soon I will go to the front to fight alongside the best soldiers in the world, those of whom you yourselves were proud of during the World War; we fight with the conviction that our blood will flow for the liberation of our beloved Netherlands, and that, one day, our people will also honor their fallen heroes. We are doing our duty; do yours as well. Pray to God for wisdom, but above all for justice—then all will be well.

We are living in a great era, one worth living for, and one for which it is certainly worth giving one's life."

The Germanic Reich

Letters from Home

(Letter from the father of a Danish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“You write, dear son, that you are willing to give your life for a new and better Europe - I am proud to hear that. Yes, I too am willing, if called upon, to give my life for a new Europe under the leadership of Germany and its great Führer, Hitler - with this, let all the Jews be driven out.

Warm regards from your father.”

(Letter from a Flemish woman)

“I would like to thank you very much for the lovely letter I received from the Reichsführer-SS on the winter solstice.

My husband has been in the Waffen-SS for eight months and is currently serving as a war correspondent with the Wiking Division, where his brother has also been stationed for a year - of course, we hope for a swift end to this war, but we Flemish women do not wish to see an end to the war that is not a complete victory for the German people; we hope that, after the war, Flanders will not be judged by the ‘attitude of inferior elements,’ but rather by the ‘sacrifice of its best sons, who have voluntarily given their lives and are fighting shoulder to shoulder with their comrades from the Reich for Germany.’

In the Führer’s hands, the German future is secure for our Low German people - Heil Hitler!”

(Letter from the father of a Norwegian volunteer who fell on the Eastern Front)

“I would like to take this opportunity to express my deepest gratitude for the Christmas package; to say that I was surprised would be an understatement.

I was deeply moved by such an incomparable expression of gratitude from such a great nation toward an individual - I did indeed send my son into battle at a time when the Germanic world needs every single honest man, but I did not know that the leading nation of the Germanic struggle—Germany—placed such great value on each and every individual. My son Arne is no longer alive; he fell as a staunch National Socialist, and he was among the first to volunteer to go to the front.

I thank you once again, and with that, the entire German people for their sense of community. I miss my son, and I loved him - but he, like me, loved and continues to love the entire Germanic people, and that is why we each make this sacrifice - hail victory!”

(Letter from the mother of a Norwegian war volunteer who fell on the Eastern Front)

“I am one of the mothers who received the sad news that her son fell on the Eastern Front during the fight for Kyiv.

The loss of my son is very painful—but at the same time, it is a great comfort to have had such a son, who understood the times and bravely sacrificed his young life in the fight against the scourge of Bolshevism - may God grant that perhaps there has been a mistake and he is still alive, but whatever the case may be, I

will bow to the will of the Almighty and live in the knowledge that the sacrifice we made in our son is for the blessing and well-being of our beloved fatherland and of humanity.”

(Letter from the wife of a Flemish volunteer who fell on the Eastern Front)

“My dear husband sacrificed his beautiful, young life for the Führer, the people, and the fatherland - he died young while serving in the Waffen-SS, but I do not wish to complain; Germany is grateful and will not forget us.

I will be strong and not lose heart; I will follow the example of my brave husband and raise my children in the service of the Germanic people and their Führer - heil Hitler!”

(Letter from a Dutch father to the Schutzstaffel)

“I hereby acknowledge receipt of your letter dated the 15th of this month; I can inform you that I have received a letter from my son in which he told me that his left eye is so badly injured that he can no longer see out of it.

However, he is cheerful and in good spirits - time and again, one reads in his letters that the price he has paid for his Führer is not too high. From his letters, however, I sense his fear of being declared unfit for service, though his wish is to continue fighting for the renewal of Europe. My son Hans has only one wish: not to be discharged, but to continue fulfilling his duty as a soldier somewhere.

Our wish would be to have Hans here on leave for a short time, but given our son’s disposition, it would be the worst thing that could happen to him if he were discharged as unfit for service; therefore, I ask you to do everything possible to prevent this.”

Letters from the Front

(Letter from a Flemish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“Dear comrades!

From the bottom of my heart, I wish you all a happy new year, the necessary energy, and the fighting spirit that will be required of you this year in particular to secure the victory of your faith and convictions for the future of Flanders; may God grant that our Führer may continue to successfully fulfill his noble mission—victory, recovery, and the unity of all Germanic tribes—throughout the year 1942 - for this reason, I also wish above all that our Flemish people may come to understand the great significance of this historic and, for us, so important time, and thereby be spurred on to fulfill their mission.

I am convinced of this and know that the new era will sooner or later triumph in Flanders as well, just as Adolf Hitler brought National Socialism to victory in Germany despite unspeakable difficulties; no upright Fleming will allow history to write of us later that the Flemish people had become too racially degenerate to rediscover, through their own strength, the path to blood and soil—that is, a faith in themselves and their work.

Despite foreign influences—such as those from the West through the Welschlinge, Gallicists and the political church, and those from the Jews through propaganda and the press, which have caused much damage, indeed decay, in Flanders—our people are far from being fatally wounded; this is proven by its fertility, its connection to the land, its language and convictions, and the creative spiritual power of its numerous nationalist artists and pioneers.

When our fellow countrymen have come to this realization, then there will be no more hardship, and Flanders will enter the first stage of its new golden age - therefore, it is the duty of the few who understand what is at stake to awaken in their surroundings an admiration and understanding of the significance of the figure of our Führer, Adolf Hitler.

Now, at the beginning of this new year, this National Socialist can only harbor this sincere wish: Adolf Hitler, Sieg Heil!”

(Letter from a Flemish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“Dearest wife!

Always keep in mind that the upbringing of our children in the future will be entirely different from what it has been so far; it must be entirely subordinated to the new, great Germanic ideal: let no one and nothing influence you, and continue, as you have done until now, to follow your own, upright, and new path, and make our six boys into ‘six Germanic men’; look forward to the future that is now taking shape, and take as your role models those German mothers who have already lost sons, who have already made their sacrifices for the Führer, for our Führer; think of the brave comrades who risk their lives day after day for the creation of a new Europe and for the destruction of communism and Judaism, the consequences of which you can observe daily - never forget, either, that what I did was not for myself, but for you and the children!

It was high time that the old, decaying Europe disappeared and a new Europe took its place; there, everyone has the right to live and the courage to survive. The Führer said so beautifully:

'Whoever wants to live must fight, and whoever does not want to fight in this world of eternal struggle does not deserve to live.'

I have heeded this call.

I wish you could see for yourself how people live here in Germany; there are no unemployed, and families with many children are favored in every way; there is a healthy sense of community and contentment, and the people stand united behind the Führer.

Show our children this new path while they are still young, and pay close attention to their education, school and surroundings, for they are still full of the old poison.

Our children should grow up healthy in body and mind to become useful Germans, whom the new Europe needs above all else everywhere - therefore, my love, look bravely into the eyes of the world, trust in the Führer, who has never disappointed the trust of the Germans, and have patience until the beginning of the new era - happiness comes only after work and deed."

(Letter from a Flemish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

"SS comrades!

Yesterday marked one year since then, yet it is still so vivid in our minds - there, in a flash, one event followed another in rapid succession: it was the eternal strength of a Germany that broke through against every enemy, even against the Belgian enemy, the bane of us all.

What a difference from now! Back then, I had to defend the rotten Belgian state in my khaki uniform; today I'm clad in field gray - how far we have advanced in Flanders. Of course, this is not only thanks to ourselves, but above all to Germany.

The longer I am here, the more I understand what a non-commissioned officer once told us: that you should all feel happy that you can and are allowed to come here - yes, it is all too true that the Reich wants to lift us from our crippling state and the deep decay of centuries of oppression to its heights, not beneath it, but alongside it!

Our Hauptsturmführer spoke so beautifully to us in the lecture hall:

'When I see you sitting here before me in field gray, when I look at your heads and faces, I cannot distinguish you from German boys - you Flemings belong to our race; you are a tribe of us; you belong, like us, to the same great Reich of all Germans!'

And then he spoke of the strength, the greatness, and the will to live of the Germanic peoples, of their invincibility - behold, comrades, I felt my soul come alive, and I thought: 'If only our comrades were here too!'"

(Letter from a Danish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

"It is indeed true, as is stated here, that we in Denmark must not cling too tightly to the history of the last two hundred years, which essentially represents only a sad chapter in the entire history of Denmark; it is our country from which the greatest culture-creating race emigrated, and precisely for this reason, we

must be aware of our responsibility - may all Danes come to understand that the old Denmark must reclaim its place in the world within a Greater Germany, just as it did some thousand years ago.”

(Letter from a fallen Dutch volunteer to his mother)

“You mustn’t forget, Mom, that it is of the utmost importance—even for us—that Germany wins this war; we must not think selfishly of ourselves, but also of those who come after us.

I ask you especially, Mom, to understand me and not to be upset - later, when I return with my comrades to all of you whom I love, you will be proud that your son also did his part to offer the hardworking people—who tried to build a simple life through honest and hard work—the chance to enjoy some of the beauty in this world as well - until this is achieved, we will not give up the fight.

Be assured, Mom, that we are also standing up for you here; Mother and Father, remember that after this war, happy years will come for all of us, which we will experience together, so that we may look back with pride and joy on the sacrifices we are making now.”

(Letter from a Flemish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“We have broken free from the mundane triviality and the indifferent bustle of the masses; something great and beautiful has entered our lives, and we have become a people who have accomplished a creative, liberating, and courageous deed - in this way, dear wife, you have been purified and have become more beautiful and stronger within; you should feel proud and noble.

True, lasting happiness is born through the labor pains of suffering and pain; you are one of the courageous women who helps to build a new life, and who, to make this possible, must give up what was most dear to them: their husband and the father of their children.”

(Letter from a Dutch volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“We were in the middle of an afternoon drill when we received word that the Führer was nearby; we were all terribly excited, and yes, after a short while, the man whose name is known throughout the world appeared - he greeted us with a friendly smile, and he walked past me at a distance of barely a meter and a half: one of my dearest wishes came true.

It is astonishing what dynamic power and what magic emanate from this simple yet so imposing figure; we all felt this clearly, and we also felt that this man is worth dying for, if necessary.”

(Letter from a Norwegian volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“Mama, don’t listen to the gossip and don’t doubt Germany’s victory; think logically and sensibly.

Victory is already ours, dear Mama, and you don’t need to worry about me - with Adolf Hitler as our Führer, we face the future with confidence, and we also know that Norway will find its place in the new Europe; a Greater Germany will emerge, in which all Germanic tribes are united into a single bloc, and there is only one man—one man—for whom I am willing to sacrifice everything I have: that man is the Führer, Adolf Hitler.”

(Letter from a Flemish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“I used to think I was already a National Socialist, but only now am I finding my footing - National Socialism is indeed a revolution against the rot and filth in the world, and it is being carried out into the world by us and a whole host of upright men.”

(Letter from a Norwegian volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“Fallen for his country - my comrade Sverre!

You fell on the battlefield far to the east, Sverre, facing hardship and misery head-on; I am proud to have a comrade like you, Sverre, for you understood the gravity of the times.

You were loyal to your country and your clan when they called upon you - I remember the last time we were together, and you looked to the future with hope and thought you would return home; I find it incomprehensible that we will never see each other again, and now there will surely be a void in our circle of comrades, where you were always the center.

I remember you on the soccer field, where you were always the best; I remember how the young players tried to emulate you - many did not understand you when you left, but one day you will be understood, for with your blood you have written runes in Norway’s legendary history.

As a scion of ancient, proud lineages, your path led you out into life, out into the world; you knew what danger our country faced from the East. To your mother I will say: do not weep, but be proud to have given birth to such a son, who was willing to sacrifice everything—yes, even his life—when the Fatherland called us.

Melancholic, homely sounds drift toward an unknown grave, while the fanfares of battle still echo in the distance; meanwhile, a fiery soul wanders across unknown fields back to its hometown and circle of comrades.

We who remain close the circle in memory of you, and vow to you that your sacrifice shall not have been in vain.”

(Letter from a Flemish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“I have always wanted to be a soldier, and now I am a German soldier.

You need not worry if I have to go to the front, for I can only die once - if I am to die, then I want to die for National Socialism.”

(Letter from a Norwegian volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“Yes, as you surely know, Rolf and I were the best of friends from the very first day we both joined the Waffen-SS; we were like two brothers. Wherever Rolf was, there I was too - I never had a better comrade, which is why it is with the deepest sorrow that I must inform you of the sad news that he died like a true soldier and Norwegian.

Rolf had the character of a true Hird boy (*Hird, Sturmabteilung Quisling*)³; he was always there wherever there was action, helping wounded comrades and knowing no fear, even when facing the heaviest fire. He

³ The Hird was a paramilitary organization for Quisling’s party, similar in purpose and organization to the SA. - The Translator

died a hero, and if he were still alive today, he would have received the Iron Cross, the highest honor a soldier can receive - you can be proud of him.

He was a young man who firmly believed in his ideals and never shied away from defending them; if only the people would understand what this war means for our people and our country—not just now, but for the next thousand years! Rolf knew this, and that is why he fought and gave his life for our beloved fatherland.

He fell one day before his birthday, on September 6th; you will surely receive further details from his company.

In closing, I wish you all the best, above all inner peace in memory of Rolf - he was one of thousands! Be proud of him, for he fell for his Führer and his fatherland.”

(Letter from a Flemish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“It is glorious to be able to actively participate in this decisive era, just as it is glorious to die for it, so that others may fully experience the beautiful Germanic future - when one has entrusted one’s small, selfish life to the great community of destiny, one finds one’s own life within it.

Death stands powerless before us, for one lives on immortal in this community of blood and soil, just as God has willed and continues to will.”

(Letter from the Swiss volunteer Hannes Mettler, who fell in battle near Kyiv)

“To my parents!

Should I not return from Russia, my dear ones, please accept this as my final farewell; do not worry, and do not think that my death was in vain or untimely.

What are we but leaves on a tree—what does it matter if one withers and falls? As long as the tree grows, as long as the leaf helps, it takes root and blooms.

Be at peace, as I am at peace above all doubts - I have done my part; if it was not completed, another will complete it one day.

Do not think I defied fate, and do not think I acted boldly or extraordinarily; I only did what everyone does.

That it was not ‘wrong,’ not meaningless, is my most sacred belief; the more you see my people, of whom I was a part, of whom I am a part of today, and of whom I will always remain a part, the more truly you will love me, and the less you will grieve.”

(Letter from a Danish volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

“On August 21st, the first Danish soldier in my group, Steen Owe Paulsen, was killed; he was one of my best comrades, a native of Copenhagen.

The group—eight men in all—had been sent out on a reconnaissance mission; we were to check a railroad line to see if it was clear, and we set out toward evening.

Our destination was a railroad station two kilometers ahead of us, where the track makes a sharp left turn. We knew the Bolsheviks were to our left; that’s why the squad leader split the group and the four riflemen advanced into a hollow, while the squad leader pushed forward with the machine gun along the railroad embankment.

We had just covered half the distance when we suddenly came under Russian machine-gun fire from the left - in an instant, we took full cover lying halfway up a slope.

When things had quieted down again, we advanced further and soon reached the railroad embankment, where we made contact with our machine gun; we had, in fact, taken some prisoners and wanted to bring them to the right side of the railroad line, for that was where the machine gun had taken up position to protect us against surprises.

By now we had advanced to just in front of the station—our objective. Only a twenty-meter-wide cornfield, at the end of which stood a house, remained to be searched. Paulsen went to the far left, reached the house, and observed the corner of the house for a moment - suddenly a shot rings out and Paulsen collapses.

Facing death, he thinks not of himself, but only of his mission - he called out to his squad leader: 'Unterscharführer, give my regards to Fritz Clausen and tell him to send a volunteer to take my place; I can't go on.' - those were his last words.

The German and I immediately crawled over to him to help him; the shot had been fatal."

(Letter from a Swiss volunteer in the Waffen-SS)

"I'm really enjoying it; the service is tough, and sometimes you have to grit your teeth to keep going, but in return there's a camaraderie here like nowhere else in the world - here we truly live by the motto 'one for all and all for one'; that's the best part, and it helps you get through anything.

Should it come to that, I will gladly give my life for a great cause: 'Everyone dies, but not everyone dies a heroic death.'"

Our Comrades Have Fallen

In Europe's struggle for freedom against Bolshevism on the Eastern Front, they sacrificed their lives for the glory of the Fatherland and the good of our people.

SS Rifleman E. Zölk, killed in action on July 25th

SS Rifleman Johannes Zlot, killed in action on August 1st

SS Stormtrooper Ove Sten Paulsen, killed in action on August 21st

SS Stormtrooper Antonie Petersen, killed in action on September 2nd

SS Stormtrooper Theo Biesen, killed in action on September 2nd

THEIR DEEDS LIVE ON FOREVER

(Danish in the "Faedrelandet" from December 4th, 1941)

Our beloved only son and brother, the high school student and SS-Mann

Kaarlo Oskari Esko Flik

born July 3rd, 1922

killed in action October 21st, 1941

on the German Eastern Front, fighting for his homeland against Bolshevism

Elli and Martin Flink and siblings, née Lainio

Grandmother and Hilikka

Kaisa, aunt; Eino, uncle

with families

Anna-Liisa and Aune

*“To whom the gods show the greatest love, to whom they grant a young death, to that one the priestesses
of the nearby temple bring the most beautiful flower to the coffin.”*

- Father, Mother, and Siblings

(Finnish “Uusi Suomi” of January 21st, 1942)

Remaining true to his oath to the Führer, he died on January 18th, 1942 in Soviet Russia a martyr's death for the liberation of Europe and the Reich

Etienne Werbrouck

a SS Rifleman in the SS Flanders Legion

He was born in Izegem on June 24th, 1925; he was a loyal comrade in the ranks of the General SS, member number 4589, and gave his young and promising life for his glorious ideal, for his Führer, and for Flanders.

The Leader of the SS Flanders Standard

R. VAN HULSE

SS Hauptsturmführer

(Flemish from “De SS-Man” of February 28th, 1942)

He Died For Us All

SS-Mann Alois Hoop

killed in action near Moscow

Last Saturday, his grief-stricken parents and relatives received the news of their son's heroic death. Alois Hoop, born on September 4th, 1923 in Ruggell, volunteered for the Waffen-SS last summer after following the idealistic impulse of his heart, and he left our homeland to devote himself to the fight for our German people - even during his training, he distinguished himself through his outstanding conduct and was regarded as a role model by his comrades.

In numerous letters from the front, he expressed his spiritual convictions - he never complained, never wrote of the hardships and exertions, and his gaze was fixed on the future; with the penetrating eye of a young warrior, he understood the necessity of this European struggle for survival, and he recognized the danger threatening all of Europe and our homeland from the East; he was ready to fight against it, and—if necessary—to die for it.

Comrade Alois Hoop has joined the ranks of his people's immortal heroes; he gave his young life so that our nation might live and Europe might not perish - his sacrificial death was not in vain.

With proud sorrow, we look up to him; his life and his heroic death serve as a solemn example to us. We stand before his "hero's grave" and hold our comrade's gleaming shield of honor with reverent hands, so that its clear radiance may strengthen our mourning souls and lift them up to heroic thought.

Comrade Hoop, you are one of the greatest of our homeland.

*Though we bid you farewell, you live on in our hearts.
To the bereaved family, our deepest condolences.*

(From the Liechtenstein newspaper "Umbruch" of January 26th, 1942)

The following fell in the East for the Germanic world and its Führer:

SS-Kanonier Bernhard Droog
born on October 22nd, 1913
killed in action on August 6th
Occupation: Wallpaperer and upholsterer

SS-Unterscharführer Jarl Haan
Recipient of the Iron Cross 2nd Class
born on March 16th, 1912
killed in action on August 2nd
Head of the Education Department, Division 44

SS-Schütze Jacob van Kouttik
born on December 21st, 1920
killed in action on August 12th
Occupation: Laborer

SS-Sturmmann Paul Robertson
born on August 16th, 1918
killed in action on August 2nd
Student

SS-Sturmmann Hendrik Veltkamp
born on June 30th, 1922
killed in action on August 15th
Occupation: Gardener

SS-Mann Theodorus Versteeg
born on March 12th, 1917
killed in action on August 2nd
Occupation: Laborer

They live on in our ranks, an example to all!

(Dutch in "Storm-SS" from October 17th, 1941)

**IN THE FIGHT AGAINST BOLSHEVISM IN THE EAST, THEY SACRIFICED THEIR
LIVES FOR THE FREEDOM OF THEIR HOMELAND**

OUR COMRADES:

**Odvar Nes
from Rena**

**Jens Hoel
from Oslo**

**Halfdan Martin Moss
from Bergen**

Their honor is loyalty — Their deeds live on forever

(Norwegian in “Hirdmannen” from February 14th, 1942)

Our dearly beloved:

Hannes Martin Mettler

met an untimely death near Kiev on September 14th, 1941

His deeply grieving family:

Arnold Mettler

Elsa Mettler

St. Gallen, Switzerland, October 6th, 1941

(Notice from the family of a fallen Swiss volunteer)